Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I doe as I intend.
Ber. Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach vs sweet Madame, for our rude transgression,
some faire excuse.
Qu. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here but euen now disguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Qu. And were you well aduis'd?
Kin. I was faire Madam.
Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world I did respect her.
Qu. When she shall challenge this you will reiect her.
King. Vpon mine Honour no.
Qu. Peace, peace, forbeare:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forsweare.
King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.
Qu. I will and therefore keepe it *Rosaline*,
What did the Russian whisper in your eare?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Aboue this world: adding thereto moreouer,
That he would wed me, or else die my Louer.
Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honourably doth vphold his word.
Kin. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.
Ros. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine
you gaue me this: But take it sir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue.
Qu. Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Ber. Neither of either I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIB